POINTS ABOUT LIVE STOCK.

Pedigree Alone Does Not Assure the Value of the Stock Animal.

To the Editor of the News and Courier: As was pointed out in a previous article, we have in South Carolina all the natural conditions necessary for the development of a successful live stock industry. What we need above everything else to place this industry upon a good paying basis is an improvement in the quality of our live stock. We submit herewith a few pointers as to how improvements may be most readily effected:

Here, as elsewhere, the safest and most economical means of bettering the quality of live stock is to grade up our common stock by the use of carefully selected, pure bred sires. By this method we do not get stock that can be registered, but we do get stock which, in practical utility, very closely approaches our registered stock.

Too many of our farmers are laboring under the delusion that good results can be secured from registered or pedigreed live stock only. The prevailing belief seems to be that all registered stock possesses some degree of excellence over common animals, and that such a thing as a "scrub" has no existence outside of the common or graded classes. Farmers should not forget the fact, however, that while the right kind of pedigreed stock is of first importance, there is plenty of this class of stock that is not worth the purchasing. This emphasizes the need of using the utmost caution in the selection of pure bred sires to head our herds and flocks.

We should not allow ourselves to be deceived by long pedigrees. A pedigree is simply a recorded statement of the ancestry of an animal, and its value depends primarily upon the merit of the animals represented in it. In selecting a pure bred dairy bull, for example, our first and most important duty is to inquire rigidly into the milking capacity of his dam, his sire's dam and so on down the line. Unfortunately most of us are contented to find in his pedigree simply a long list of "high sounding" names of animals, and there are those who actually go so far as to value an animal solely on the length of his pedigree.

As already stated, many worthless animals are continually being registered because their eligibility to registration is solely determined by their purity of breeding. Such animals we are wont to designate as pure bred scrubs and such in reality they are. Knowing, then, that there are plenty of pure bred scrubs in existence, it behooves us to be especially careful not only to see that the animal we are after is descended from stock of great excellence, but that the individual itself possesses that quality and perfection so essential in all animals.

One great mistake of purchasers of pure bred stock is that they expect too much for too little money. Instead of trying to purchase a bull and a few heifers of common merit for a small sum of money, it is far better policy to cut out the heifers and invest the entire sum in a bull of outstanding merit. It is the evident wisdom of this policy that leads us to advocate the grading up of relatively cheap, unregistered females with registered males of a high degree of excellence.

The male is by far the most important animal in the herd, flock or stud. The familiar expression. "The bull is half the herd," does not do justice to the part which the bull plays in the making or unmaking of a herd. It is a matter of common knowledge that pure bred animals will transmit their characteristics with much greater certainty than do common or grade animals. It is evident, therefore, that the offspring from common or grade females and pure bred males will possess more of the characteristics of the male than of the female. From this it will be seen that if the pure bred male is an exceptional merit, he will be able to bring the herd or flock of common animals to a state of perfection approaching his own in a very few generations. If the pure bred male be one of the scrub or inferior kind he is just as certain to drag the herd or flock down in a similarly short period of time.

John Michels,
Associate Professor Animal Husbandry and Dairying.
Clemson College, January 29.

Nancy Hart of Edgefield.

In the News-Leader of Jan. 18 last, a contributor writes of Nancy Hart, the famous Georgia character of Revolutionary days.

Nancy Hart is by no means mythical but was a very real personage.

Notwithstanding her gigantic frame, red hair, freckles and crossed eyes, her memory is kept greener among the people of her native State than that of many a more preposiessing heroine.

She was what is familiarly known as a Georgia "cracker," a poor though intelligent white, who lived among the sand hills or in the isolated districts of the State.

That Nancy was possessed of more than ordinary intelligence is conceded.

Her eccentricities and homeliness made her a conspicuous and familiar figure for miles around, and her acquaintance was not confined to those in her own sphere in life.

Her capture of the ten Tories while they were devouring the tempting viands she had been compelled to prepare for them is recognized as an historical fact.

During Andrew Jackson's presidency representatives from Georgia, desiring to bring that State to the notice of the president, decided to present a painting for one of the niches in the rotunda of the United States capitol building. At length it was completed—a portrait of Nancy Hart, bare-headed, bare-footed, her skirts to her knees, crossing a shallow stream driving ten Tories before her at point of one of their own guns. The president, who was red-headed and came of a hardy pioneer stock himself, is said to have been very much pleased with the picture, and it is to be hoped that Georgia profited by the diplomacy of her representatives.

The idea that Nancy Hart followed her husband to Florida and died there is erroneous. After the fierce disturbances of the Revolution had gone down as history, she buckled up her yoke of oxen, and with her children and grandchildren emigrated to South Carolina.

At one of the stops on the route her son-in-law became engaged in a drunken brawl and was taken in custody by an officer. Ever quick to meet an emergency, Nancy went to the rescue. Bestowing a few pugilistic bumps on the detainer of her son-in-law, she seized the latter and lifted him bodily into the bed of the wagon and drove out of town.

Nancy Hart located near Edgefield, a small town not far from the Georgia line. Her fame preceded her there, and she was welcomed and respected by her neighbors. My grandfather's grandfather lived in Edgefield and was one of the early Baptist preachers. The Scotch-Irish were almost universally Presbyterian, but once agitated, there was soon a large sprinkling of Baptists and Methodists throughout the South. The ministers were for the most part itinerant, and revivals that rivaled Moody and Jones in enthusiasm were held under huge open tabernacles and men rode on horseback a hundred miles to be in attendance.

Tradition says that Nancy Hart was converted at one of these meetings. It would be reasonable to suppose that time and hardships would have touched the red hair with grey and curbed the old dauntless spirit, but she was as strenuous in religion as in politics. There are mystical stories in my mind of a gaunt old woman embracing my dignified ancestor and disarranging his stock and dragging sluggard sinners by their queues and coattails to the penance seat, but these are traditions repeated from generation to generation, and I would not vouch for their authenticity.

However, I have always understood that Nancy Hart lived to a good old age, died and was buried in the old Edgefield district—now Edgefield County, S. C.

A sketch of Nancy Hart can be found in Joel Chandler Harris' "Stories of Georgia."—Louis Reynolds in Richmond News-Leader.

A New Yorker's Adventure In Southern Waters.

A New Yorker who has just returned from a visit to the South tells of a thrilling adventure he had in Louisiana with two black desperadoes. While exploring the country along the Mississippi river south of New Orleans, he heard many weird tales of flying devilfish, and, although he felt sure they were chiefly due to negro superstition, he thought it possible they might have some slight basis in fact, and he determined to investigate. As it turned out the "flying devilfish" proved to be a peculiar kind of skate that leaps out of the water—but that is aside from the story.

The point is that when the New Yorker expressed a wish one day in a little general store to see the devilfish, two stalwart negroes at once volunteered to guide him to the spot where they could be found. The New Yorker accepted their offer and they procured a small sailboat, in which the party set out on a bayou one morning when a heavy fog hung over the water. The New Yorker wished to wait for a clearer day, but the negroes assured him that the fog was just what they wanted, as it would enable them to creep up close to the "devilfish."

The New Yorker was also inclined to demur at the apperance of the boat, which was nothing more than an old rowboat, with a pole set into the front seat for a mast. The shell looked as if it were rapidly disintegrating, but the New Yorker, knowing that they were not likely to encounter any storms, decided to keep his fears to himself.

As the boat sailed out into the thick of the fog, the New Yorker observed that the negroes were eyeing him in a way that seemed susnicious. One, especially, appeared to be fascinated by the gold watch chain that dangled in the New Yorker's waist coat. The New Yorker began to get uneasy and his fears causing him to examine his companions more closely he saw that he had to deal with men not likely to hesitate at murder if it were necessary to accomplish their purpose. A little later his worst fears were confirmed.

Letting down the sail, one of the negroes seized a club that had been concealed under a seat, and said:

"Say, boss, we shore don't want no trouble, but we'se gwine to ask you to let us have your money and watch."

The New Yorker, who sat in the stern, was ready for them. With a rapid movement his hand sought his hip pocket, and the next second the thugs were confronted by a highly polished revolver. They did not stop to admire the weapon. Instantly the negro that was at the bow arose, seized a huge stone that evidently had been used as an anchor, hurled it at the New Yorker and plunged overboard. He was immediately followed by his companion.

Now, so quick was the negro's movement with the stone that the New Yorker had not time to fire before it came flying in his direction. Instinctively he dodged, but the negro in his excitement had forgotten that the rock was attached to the bow with a rope, and when the length of the rope had been played out the progress of the rock abruptly was checked and it fell to the bottom, crushing through the frail shell.

Immediately the boat began to sink. The negroes by this time had been swallowed up in the fog. The predicament of the New Yorker was now graver than ever. He could not swim a stroke.

As the water poured over the sides of the boat and it disappeared from view the New Yorker in his desperation clung to the mast and pulled himself up to the top. To his joy the top remained above the water, but he soon began to feel that he had gained only a short respite from death. Again and again he called for help and listened with strained attention for a reply. But the silence remained unbroken.

For perhaps an hour he clung to the mast with ever-increasing despair. He thought of his friends in New York, and in his delirium pictures on the gay scenes on upper broadway at night passed through his brain like a panorama. It was horrible to die thus—to wait for death to creep upon him as if he were a rat in a trap. At last his strength became utterly exhausted. He was forced to release his grip on the mast, and with a last cry of despair dropped into the water.

His feet struck something soft. It was mud! He had touched bottom! He stood up straight. The water came up to his waist line! He started to walk and two minutes later gained the shore.

Horses Not Abolished by Steam.

The following from Rural New Yorker tells accurately the results of the changes that were prophesied to be the ruin of the horse-raising business!

"Some of those men who told us a dozen years ago that horses were dead property, and that horse-breeding was doomed, should go out and try to buy a good horse today. Such animals never were higher or harder to find. Just why this is so is a great mystery. The theory of a dozen years ago was perfect. Automobiles, trolley cars, electric trucks and bicycles, have all taken up work that was formerly done by the horse.

"Yet in spite of the vast increase of those things, good horses and good hay are higher than ever. Here is a case where fact has destroyed theory and who will say today that horse or mule-breeding is not one of the most promising branches of farming?

"That the opinion expressed is correct will be doubted by no one who has found it necessary to go into the market to buy horses during the past year. The installation of electricity on the street and urban railways, the coming of the bicycle and later of the automobile, has only had the effect of taking some of the drudgery from the horse. As a companion, as a source of pleasure and as a faithful servant, he seems to have as large, if an easier field of use, as formerly."

A Cautious Depositor.

An old negro went to the bank in which he kept his hard earned savings, says Harper's Weekly, and asked the paying teller to give him all the money he had deposited. He offered no explanation of his sudden desire to withdraw his funds, and after vain argument with him the teller counted out the bills and delivered them to the old man. He eyed the paper money a moment, and said:—

"Kin I git dat in silver, boss?"

The teller assured him he could, and forthwith made the exchange. The old negro retired to a neighboring desk, remained crouched over it a long time, and then, to the teller's great surprise, returned to the window and gleefully thrust his money back through the pigeonhole. Before he could speak, the old man said, grinning widely:—

"Thanks, boss, you kin take it back. I jes wanted t' see of it wuz all there."

The Key To The Situation.

Mark Twain has told many good stories of himself, and the circumstances make it likely that he was the original teller of the following. His sense of humor would give the incident its full value.

While at his summer residence he prepared one evening to take a drive, and expecting to remain out until late, told his hostler that he need not wait for him. He instructed the man, however, when he had finished the work to lock the stable and place the key under a stone, the location of which Mr. Clemens described with much exactness.

When the humorist reached home after his drive, he was surprised to find that the key was not in the place selected. He was obliged to arouse the hostler, who explained, as he started for the missing key, "Mr. Clemens, I found a better place to hide it."

Washed Her Feet.

A young and accomplished Chicago lady recently eloped, and a younger sister was questioned by her angry father, whom he suspected of knowing more about the matter than she was willing to admit. "Were you aware that your sister was going to elope?" inquired the old man. "No, father; she never told me any thing about it." "Did you suspect anything?" "Nothing whatever," replied the girl. "Did she make any preparation for the escapade?" "Not that I knew anything about." "Did you not see her make any arrangements for going away?" "None, except to wash her feet."

—Furniture dealers are advocates of brief courtships.

—You cannot get the graft of sin and not acquire its craft.

—A bachelor hardly ever has as bad a temper as he would have if he were married.

—The hardest thing in the world is to find an easy way of making a living.

The Fickle Fair.

"My heart's broken."

"What's the matter?"

"I was making love to my sweetheart last night, and her father came suddenly into the room."

"Well, that was awkward, but hardly heartbreaking."

"Wasn't it? The old man merely remarked that it was a pity she couldn't stick to the same fellow two evenings in succession."

Dried Milk.

Australia has adopted the system of drying milk which is said to have been very successful in London, England. The milk is dried between steam rollers and sold as a powder, from which nothing but water has been extracted and to which nothing but water requires to be added to make wholesome, clean and sterile milk. A leading medical officer is reported to have said that the asylums for consumptive patients and general hospitals has proved the success.

Born That Way.

A member of the House from New England tells of an occasion when he overheard an amusing colloquy between the late Thomas B. Reed and a darky barber.

"The "tonsorial artist" was inclined to be talkative, but to all his efforts at conversation the big man from Maine returned only a monosyllable or a grunt.

Finally the barber patted the cranium of the Speaker, whereon reposed one or two stray locks, saying:

"De hair's gittin' pretty thin, sah. Been that way long?"

"I was born that way," dryly returned Reed.

Could Not Trust Him.

After a wordy argument in which neither scored, two men decided to fight it out. It was agreed that when either said, "I've enough" the fight should cease.

After they had been at it about ten minutes one of them fell, and immediately yelled, "Enough! I've enough!"

But his opponent kept on pounding him until a man who was watching them said:

"Why don't you let him up? He says he's got enough."

"I know he says so," said the victor, between punches, "but he's such a liar you can't believe a word he says!"—Washington Post.

Household Hints.

To make biscuits light—drench with gasoline and ignite before serving.

How to keep servants—chloroform them and lock them in the cellar.

Quickest way to get rid of peddlers—buy all they have.

To keep rats out of the pantry—place all food in the cellar.

To entertain women visitors—let them inspect your private letters.

To entertain men visitors—feed the brutes.

To keep children at home—lock up all their clothes.

To keep hubby at home—hide his toupee.

To test the freshness of eggs—drop them on some hard substance.

Why He Stayed Home.

He was one of the happiest "kids" in town. He stood in front of his home and grinned enthusiastically as he saw the others unwillingly wending their way toward school.

"Come on, Harold," shouted several of the boys.

"Not on your life," answered the rejoicing Harold. "No school for me today. I'm going to stay home."

"What's the matter, sick?"

"No."

"Your ma sick?"

"No."

"Well, why?"

"Oh, 'cause. You see my gran'ma's come to spend the day with mamma and gran'ma she's awful hard o' hearin'. Mamma's got a cold on her chest, and in her neck, and she can't talk loud enough for gran'ma to hear what she says, so I've got to stay home to tell gran'ma what mamma says. See?"—Indianapolis News.

He Knew the Law.

A Civil war veteran, several times Representative from his own district to the New Hampshire Legislature, and at one time Speaker of the House, had just returned home from a closing session of the Legislature, at which, says a writer in the Manchester Union, the law pertaining to rights of way to pedestrians had been passed.

He was crossing the street from his office one day soon after his return when an electric car came bounding along. The motorman, alive to the danger of the veteran, made frantic efforts to attract his attention, and when they failed shouted:

"Look out, Hiram! If you don't get off the track I shall run over you."

The Major stopped stock still in the middle of the track.

"If you do, young man, you'll hang for it," he said firmly.